WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC EC

No. 11
MAR.-APR.

10¢

DIZZY ONE FOUR! I'VE GOT A FIX ON AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN! DO YOU SEE IT? OVER!

JACK DAVIS

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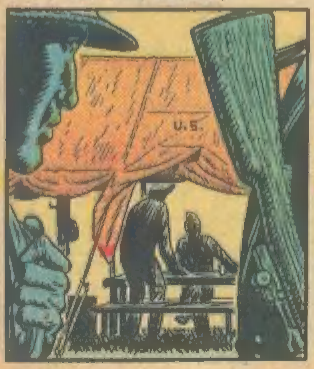
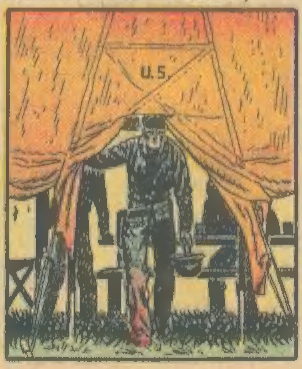
THE OTHER DAY WE CALLED THE ARMY AND ASKED THEM FOR A STORY! WHAT WE WANTED TO DO WAS TO FEATURE A BRANCH OF THE SERVICE THAT HADN'T GOTTEN TOO MUCH PUBLIC ATTENTION! WELL... THE ARMY GAVE US WHAT WE WANTED, A STORY ON THE ARMY *CESSNAS!* THE...

BIRD-DOGS!

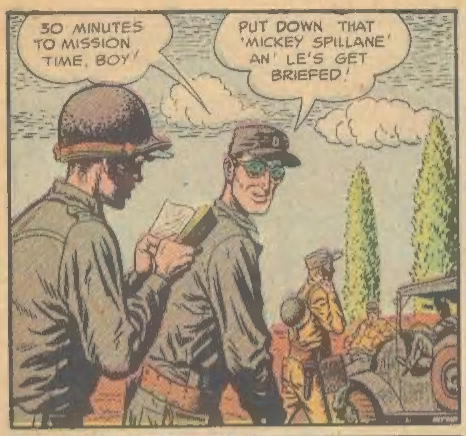
AS YOU ALL KNOW... THE ARMED FORCES CONSIST OF THE ***ARMY, NAVY*** AND ***AIR FORCE!***



YOU ALSO KNOW THAT THE ***ARMY*** CONSISTS OF INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, ENGINEERS AND SO FORTH!



BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW ABOUT ***ARMY AVIATION?*** HOW MANY KNOW OF THE ***ARMY PILOT!***


30 MINUTES TO MISSION TIME, BOY!
PUT DOWN THAT 'MICKEY SPILLANE' AN' LE'S GET BRIEFED!

...MORNING, MAJOR! LOOKS LAK GOOD FLYIN' WEATHER!
...MORNING!... WELL! IF EVERYONE'S HERE, WE'LL GET ON WITH THE BRIEFING!

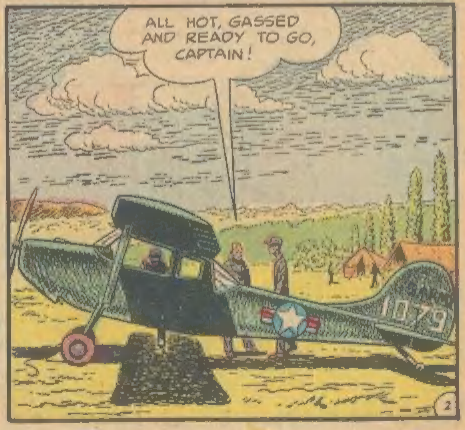
HERE'S THE SITUATION! OUR FRONTLINE TROOPS ARE LOCATED ROUGHLY ON LINE COORDINATES 324-752...

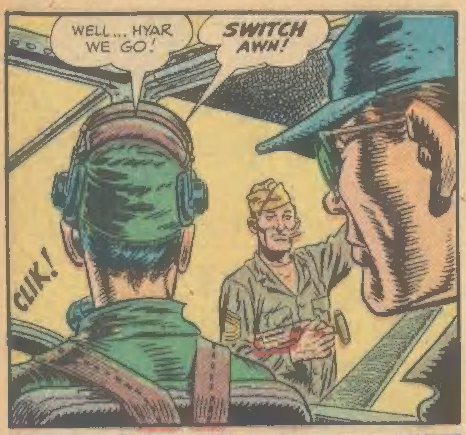
...LAST MISSION REPORTED ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AT APPROXIMATE COORDINATES 320-789...

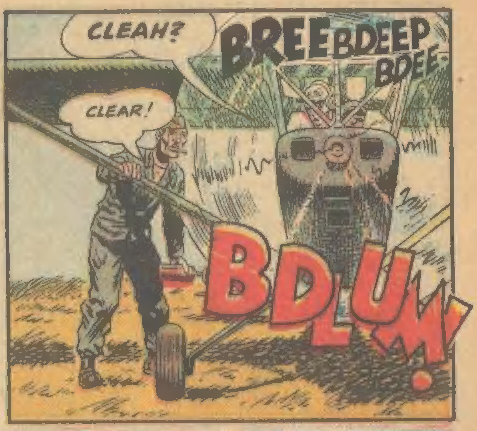
...5TH REGIMENT HAS RECEIVED 35 ROUNDS OF ARTILLERY FIRE WHICH WE'D LIKE TO LOCATE AND NEUTRALIZE...

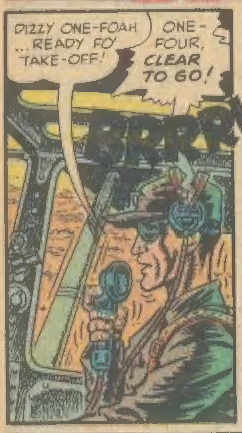
...WATCH FOR WITHDRAWING ENEMY CONVOYS ON THE NORTH SOUTH ROAD! THAT'S ABOUT IT! REPORT IN AT END OF MISSION FOR DEBRIEFING!

COME AWN, BOY! PUT AWAY THAT POCKETBOOK! WE GOT WORK TUH DO!
HEY, SERGEANT! HOW'S THE OL' BIRD-DAWG?

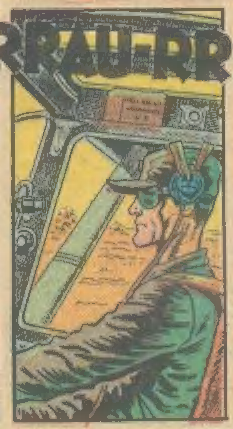

ALL HOT, GASSED AND READY TO GO, CAPTAIN!
1079

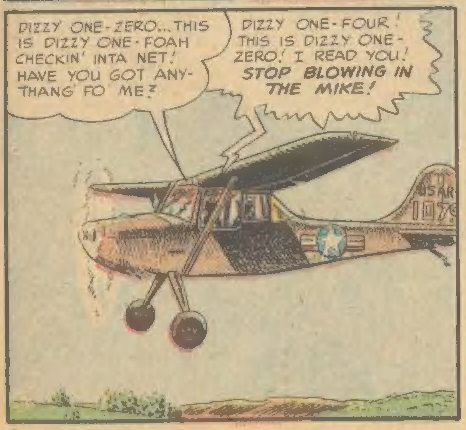

WELL... HYAR WE GO!
SWITCH AWN!
CLIK!

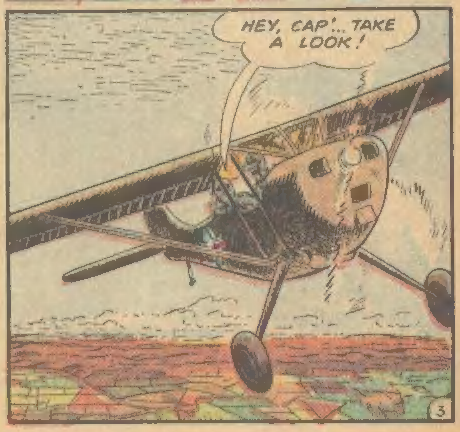

CLEAH?
BREEBDEEP BDEE-
CLEAR!
-BDLUM!

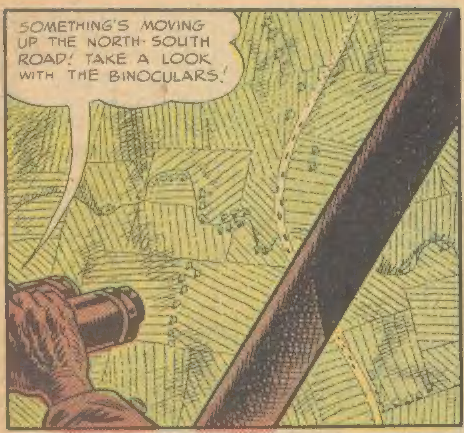

DIZZY ONE-FOAH ...READY FO' TAKE-OFF!
ONE-FOUR, CLEAR TO GO!
BRRR

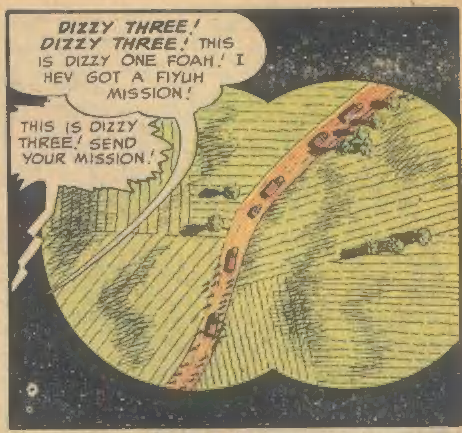
BRRRRAU-RRRRROWRR

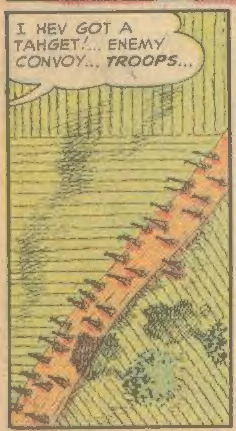


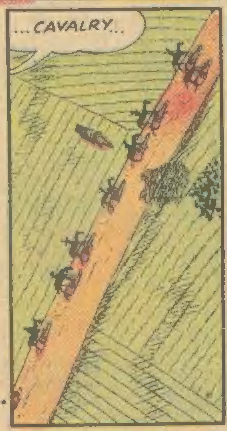

DIZZY ONE-ZERO...THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH CHECKIN' INTA NET! HAVE YOU GOT ANY-THANG FO' ME?
DIZZY ONE-FOUR! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-ZERO! I READ YOU! STOP BLOWING IN THE MIKE!

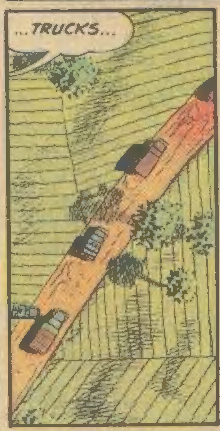

HEY, CAP!... TAKE A LOOK!

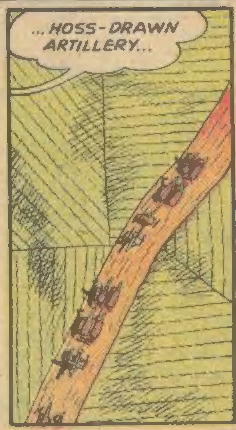

SOMETHING'S MOVING UP THE NORTH-SOUTH ROAD! TAKE A LOOK WITH THE BINOCULARS!


DIZZY THREE! DIZZY THREE! THIS IS DIZZY ONE FOAH! I HEV GOT A FIYUH MISSION!
THIS IS DIZZY THREE! SEND YOUR MISSION!


I HEV GOT A TAHGET!... ENEMY CONVOY... TROOPS...

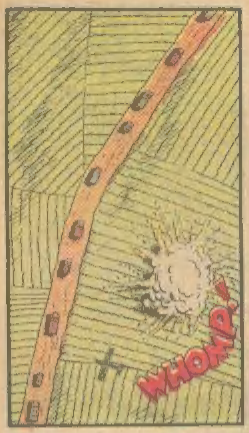

...CAVALRY...


...TRUCKS...

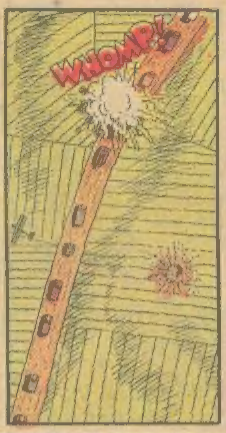

...HOSS-DRAWN ARTILLERY...

TAHGET COULD BEST BE NEUTRALIZED BAH FIGHTUH PLANES!
...WAIT ONE, DIZZY ONE-FOUR! ...NO FIGHTER PLANES AVAILABLE! DO YOU THINK ARTILLERY WOULD BE EFFECTIVE?

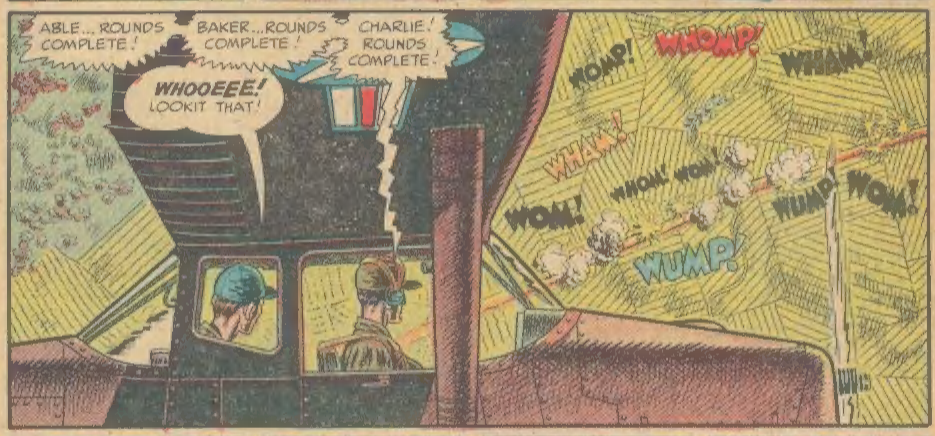
ROGUH!... FAIH ARTILLERY TAHGET! FIYUH AWN COORDINATES 510-752! REQUEST W.P. FUST ROUND! LEMME KNOW WHEN FUST ROUND'S AWN THUH WAY!
DIZZY THREE TO DIZZY ONE FOUR! ROGER! ...NUMBER ONE ON THE WAY!
ROGUH! WAIT...

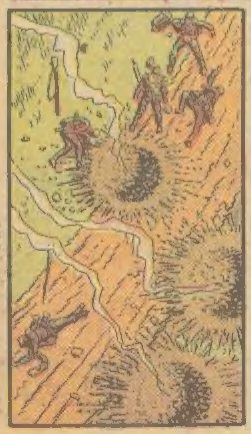

WHOMP!

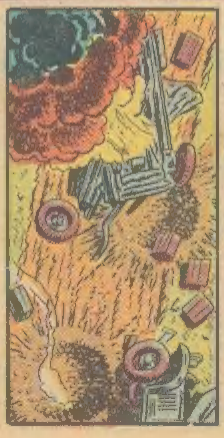
DIZZY ONE-FOAH TO DIZZY THREE! RIGHT 400 YARDS! ADD 250 YARDS!
ROGER! WAIT!
...ON THE WAY!

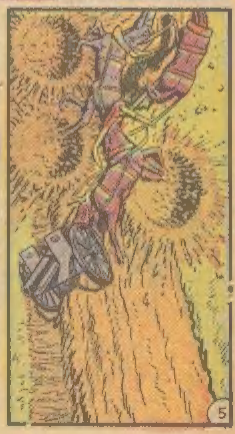

WHOMP!

...GOOD! FIYUH FO' EFFECT!
ROGER! WAIT!
...BATTALION! THREE ROUNDS!

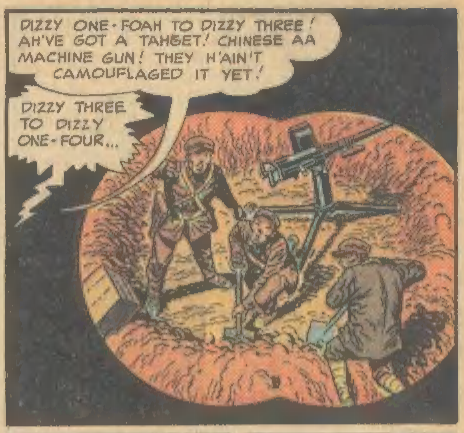

ABLE... ROUNDS COMPLETE!
BAKER...ROUNDS COMPLETE!
CHARLIE! ROUNDS COMPLETE!
WHOOEEE! LOOKIT THAT!
WOMP!
WHOMP!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WOM!
WOM! WOM!
WUMP!
WUMP!
WOM!





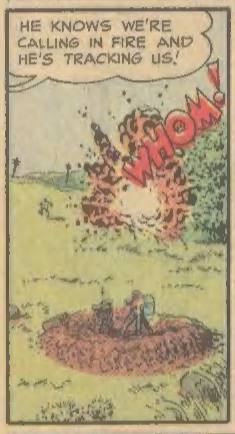


DIZZY ONE FAHVE TO DIZZY THREE! CEASE FAHRING! THAT COLUMN IS REELEE CLOBBERED!
HEY, CAP! LOOK THERE!

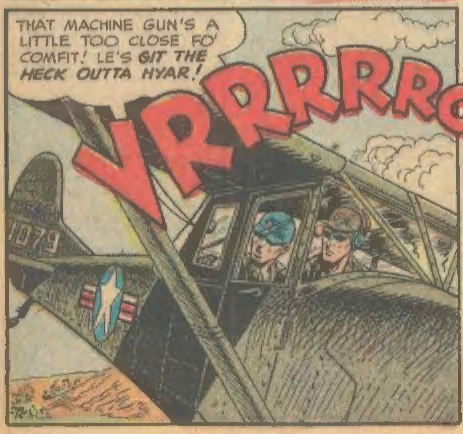

DIZZY ONE-FOAH TO DIZZY THREE! AH'VE GOT A TAHGET! CHINESE AA MACHINE GUN! THEY H'AIN'T CAMOUFLAGED IT YET!
DIZZY THREE TO DIZZY ONE-FOUR...

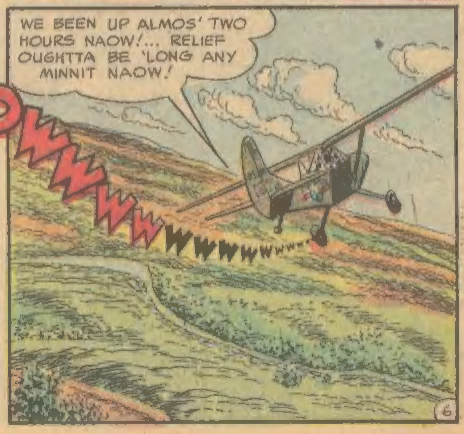
NUMBER ONE ON THE WAY!
ROGUH! WAIT!
WHUMP!

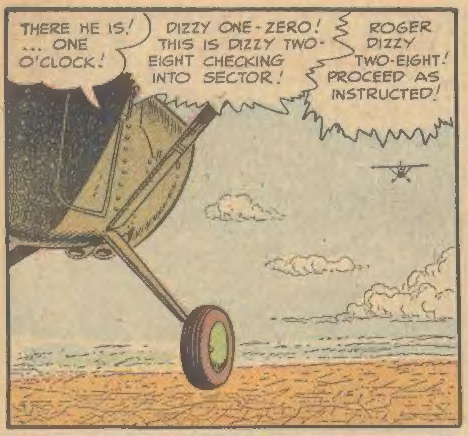
...ADD 50!
LOOKIT THAT SONOFAGUN!

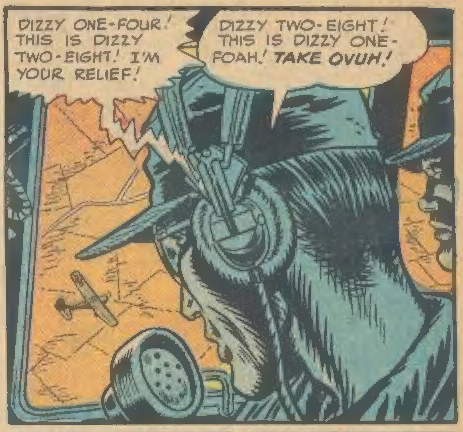

HE KNOWS WE'RE CALLING IN FIRE AND HE'S TRACKING US!
WHOM

GOOD BRACKET! DROP 50!
ROGER! WAIT! ON THE WAY!

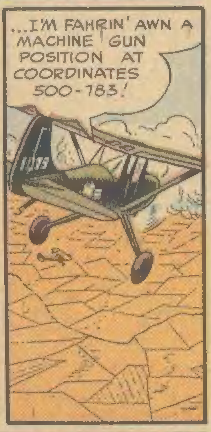

THAT MACHINE GUN'S A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FO' COMFIT! LE'S GIT THE HECK OUTTA HYAR!
YRRRROWWWWWWWWWWW

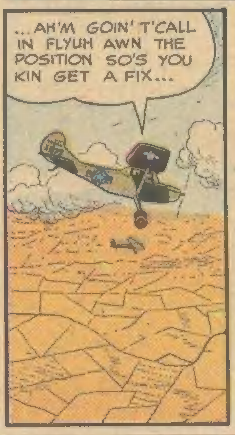

WE BEEN UP ALMOS' TWO HOURS NAOW!... RELIEF OUGHTTA BE 'LONG ANY MINNIT NAOW!

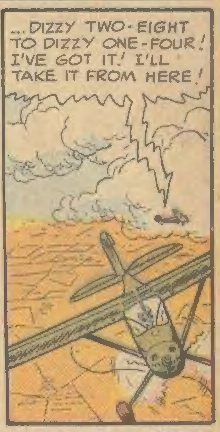

THERE HE IS! ... ONE O'CLOCK!
DIZZY ONE-ZERO! THIS IS DIZZY TWO-EIGHT CHECKING INTO SECTOR!
ROGER DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! PROCEED AS INSTRUCTED!

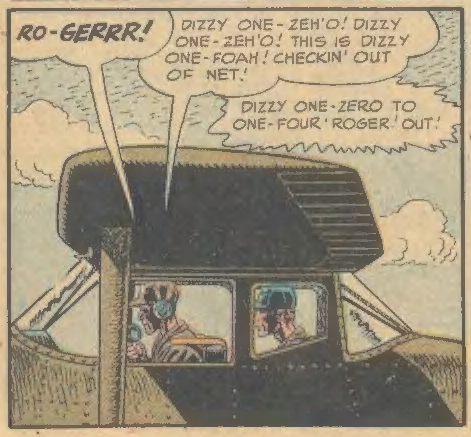

DIZZY ONE-FOUR! THIS IS DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! I'M YOUR RELIEF!
DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH! TAKE OVUH!

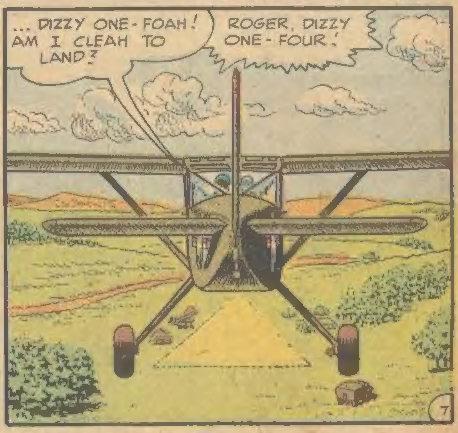
DIZZY ONE-FOUR! HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING FOR ME?
POSITIVE!

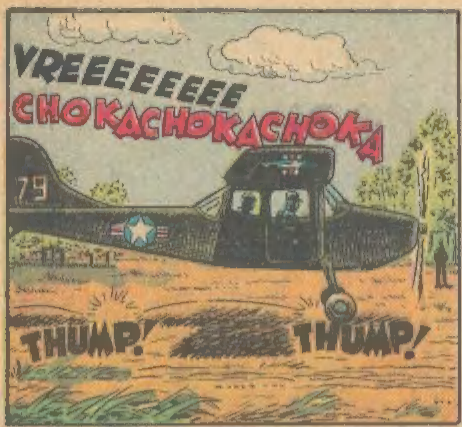

...I'M FAHRIN' AWN A MACHINE GUN POSITION AT COORDINATES 500-783!


...AH'M GOIN' T'CALL IN FLYUH AWN THE POSITION SO'S YOU KIN GET A FIX...


...DIZZY TWO-EIGHT TO DIZZY ONE-FOUR! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!


RO-GERRR!
DIZZY ONE-ZEH'O! DIZZY ONE-ZEH'O! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH! CHECKIN' OUT OF NET!
DIZZY ONE-ZERO TO ONE-FOUR' ROGER! OUT!


...DIZZY ONE-FOAH! AM I CLEAH TO LAND?
ROGER, DIZZY ONE-FOUR!


VREEEEEEEE
CHOKACHOKACHOKA
79
THUMP!
THUMP!

VABLADOM!
VABLADOM!
TIK!

EVERYTHING O.K., CAPTAIN?
OH... JUST A TINY BIT ROUGH, I GUESS!
SOON AS IT GOES INTO ENEMY TERRITORY, IT GOES INTO 'AUTOMATIC ROUGH,' HUH, CAPTAIN?

FUNNY MAN!... NAW,' WE HAD A QUIET TRIP! NOTHIN' MUCH HAPPENED!
YIPE!

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! DID YOU SAY NOTHING HAPPENED?

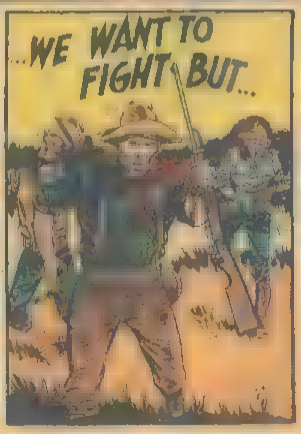
LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID! THE PLEXIGLASS! IT'S ROOINT!
I'LL BE A CROSS-EYED MULE!

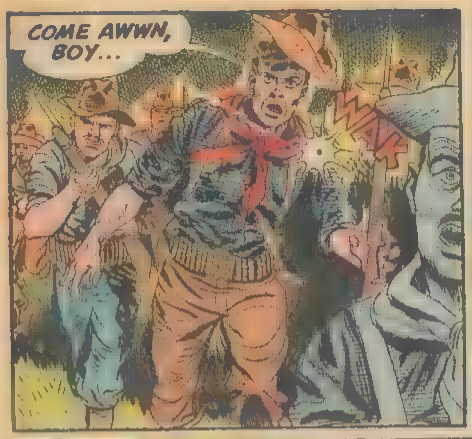
...A CHINESE BULL'IT HOLE!
NOT, MORE'N THREE INCHES FRUM MAH HAID!
END

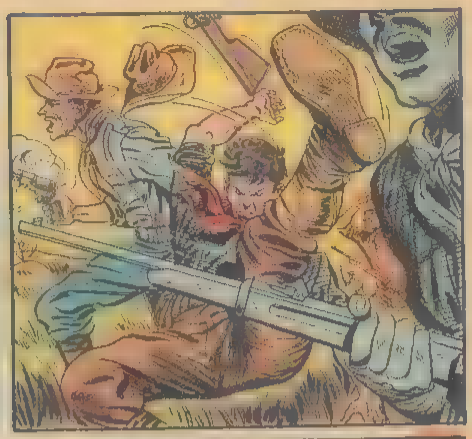
CUBA! AN ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF FLORIDA! THE CUBANS REVOLTED AGAINST SPAIN! THE AMERICANS INTERFERED! THE SPANIARDS BLEW UP THE BATTLESHIP 'MAINE'! WAR!... ON JULY 1ST 1898... UP A CUBAN SLOPE VARIOUSLY CALLED KETTLE AND SAN JUAN HILL CAME TEDDY ROOSEVELT AND HIS...

ROUGH RIDERS!

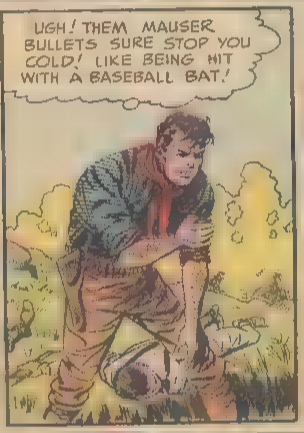
CHA-A-ARGE!



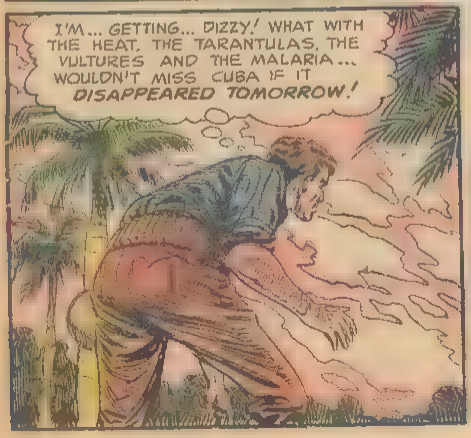

COME AWWN, BOY...
WAK



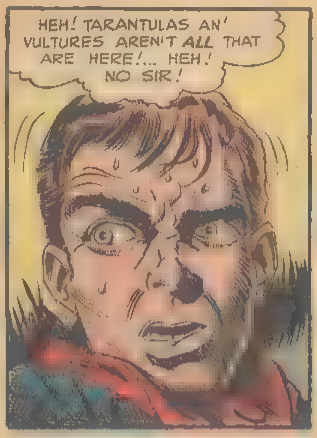
I'M HIT!

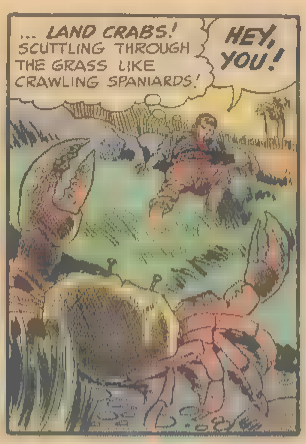

UGH! THEM MAUSER BULLETS SURE STOP YOU COLD! LIKE BEING HIT WITH A BASEBALL BAT!

I'M BLEEDING BAD! I THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HOSPITAL!

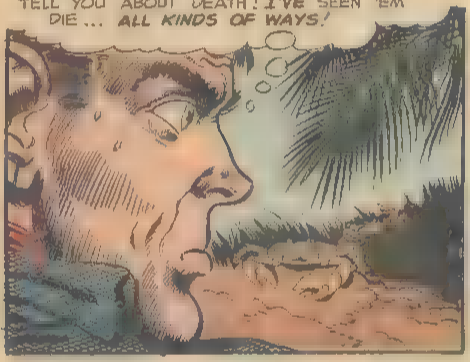

I'M... GETTING... DIZZY! WHAT WITH THE HEAT, THE TARANTULAS, THE VULTURES AND THE MALARIA... WOULDN'T MISS CUBA IF IT DISAPPEARED TOMORROW!

REST!... I'VE GOT TO REST!... I'LL JUST LIE DOWN HERE FOR A MIN...
WHO'S THAT?


HEH! TARANTULAS AN' VULTURES AREN'T ALL THAT ARE HERE!... HEH! NO SIR!

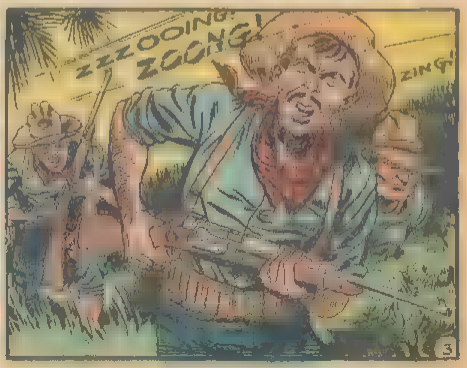

... LAND CRABS! SCUTTLING THROUGH THE GRASS LIKE CRAWLING SPANIARDS!
HEY, YOU!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? GET OUT OF HERE!


I KNOW WHAT HE WANTS! HE'S WAITING! HE'S WAITING FOR DEATH! WELL I CAN TELL YOU A THING OR TWO, MR. LAND CRAB! I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT DEATH! I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE... ALL KINDS OF WAYS!

ALL KINDS OF WAYS... LIKE A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN THE SPANIARDS TRIED TO AMBUSH US AT GUASIMAS! THE BOYS WERE MOVING PAST THE GATLING GUNS...

...FINE BOYS! THE ROUGH RIDERS VOLUNTEERED FROM ALL OVER! NEW MEXICAN INDIANS! ARIZONA BRONCO BUSTERS! COLLEGE MEN! BANKERS!

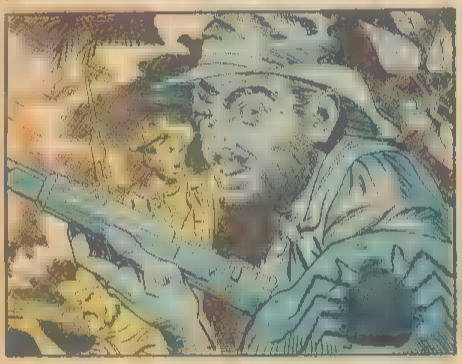

FIGHTING MEN TO THE CORE... MARCHING THROUGH A HAIL OF MAUSER BULLETS!... YOU COULD HEAR THE BULLETS 'Z-Z-Z-ZEUING' BY WHEN THEY MISSED YOU...
ZZZOOING!
ZOONG!
ZING!

BUT IT'S THE ONE THAT HITS YOU THAT YOU DON'T HEAR! I'VE SEEN 'EM HIT!

THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE '*CHUG*' OF A BULLET HITTING A MAN!

AND THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE JINGLING THUD OF A FALLING TROOPER!

A MAN FALLS QUICK, QUIET, AND LIMP LIKE A SACK... WITHOUT THE THEATRICALS THEY SHOW ON THE STAGE! ***I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE... ALL*** KINDS OF WAYS!



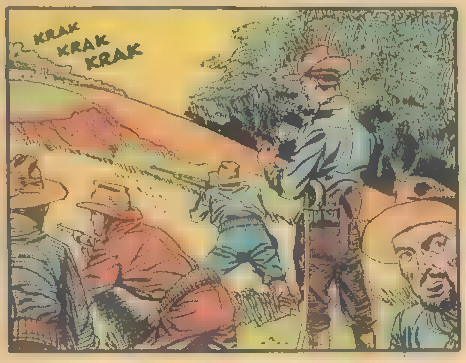
LYING AMONGST THE TARANTULAS! I SAW A TROOPER AT LAS GUASIMAS... HIT THREE DIFFERENT PLACES BY THE SAME MAUSER BULLET!

A MAUSER BULLET FROM A SPANISH SNIPER... FIRST THROUGH THE CAMPAIGN HAT...

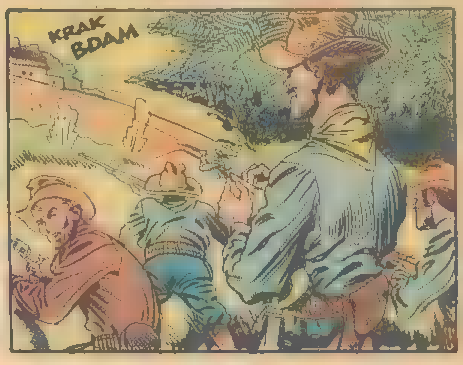
THEN TRAVELLING ON AND TEARING AWAY THE LEFT CHEEK! THEN...

...THROUGH THE LEFT HAND RESTING BENEATH THE CHIN! FINALLY... ***INTO THE CHEST!***

THEY GET SHOT EVERY WHICHAWAY! LIKE CAPTAIN BUCKY O'NEILL WALKING BACK AND FORTH BENEATH THE SPANISH RIFLES POINTING DOWN KETTLE HILL!

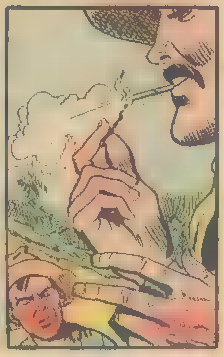


BUCKY O'NEILL... THE GOOD NATURED-EST OFFICER THE REGIMENT! THERE WASN'T A MAN SO SURE OF PULLING THROUGH THE CAMPAIGN AS BUCKY O'NEILL!

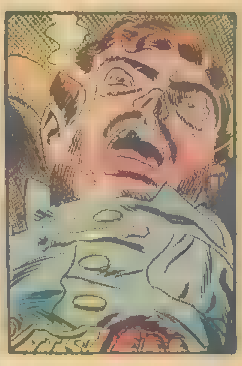


AND WHEN WE TOLD HIM HE WAS LIABLE TO BE HIT STANDING UP THAT WAY,

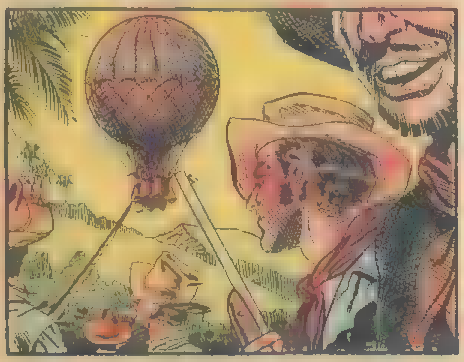
HE TOLD US THE SPANISH BULLET HADN'T BEEN MOULDED COULD KILL HIM!



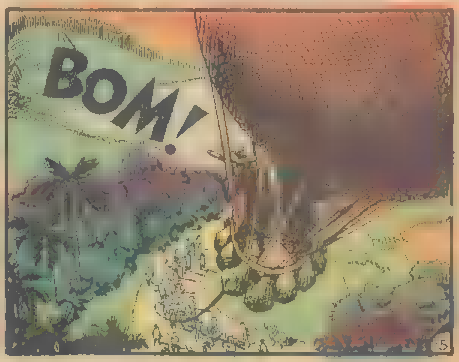
AND THEN A SPANISH BULLET HIT HIM IN THE MOUTH AND *KILLED* HIM!



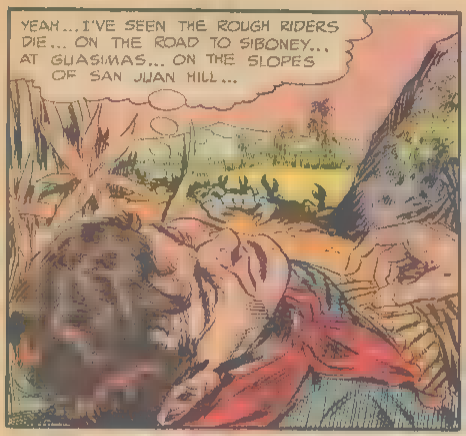
I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE ALL RIGHT! SOME FOR REASONS AN' OTHERS NEEDLESSLY! LIKE WHEN SOME FOOLS SENT UP THE OBSERVATION BALLOON!

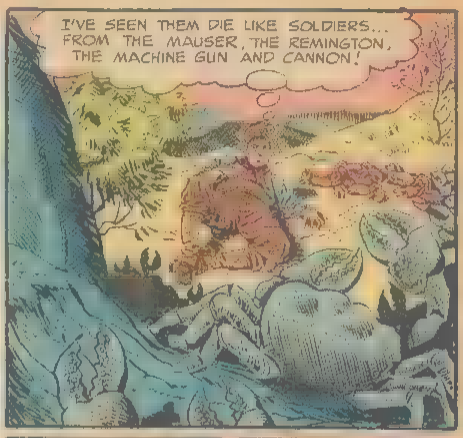


SENT IT UP *RIGHT OVER OUR TROOPS*... A FINE TARGET FOR THE SPANISH CANNON WHICH WE COULD HEAR BUT COULD NOT SEE FOR THEIR SMOKELESS POWDER!



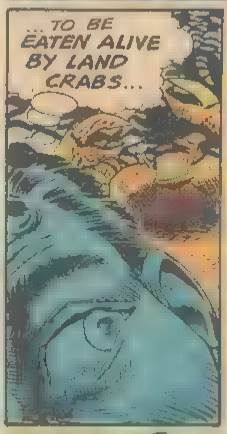
SO WHEN WE STOOD ON EL POSO, WE HEARD THE DULL ROAR FROM SAN JUAN...
AND ONE OFFICER SAYS.. THAT'S ONLY A SHELL'! SOME LAUGHED!
TWO ROUGH RIDERS NEVER LAUGHED AGAIN AFTER THAT THERE SHELL BURST!
BANG!
I'VE SEEN THE ENEMY DIE TOO! THE SCAMPS HAD HUNDREDS OF GUERILLAS BEHIND OUR LINES' WE'D BRING UP THE GATLING GUNS!
TAK! TAKATAK! TAK-ATAK! KAT TAK! TAK!
...AND WE'D PLAY THEM THROUGH THE TOPS OF SUSPICIOUS TREES! FOR THE GUERILLAS WITH THEIR REMINGTONS GAVE US PLENTY TROUBLE!
THE REMINGTONS WITH THEIR SMOKELESS POWDER AND BRASS-COATED BULLETS!
PERFECT FOR CLOSE RANGE BUSH WORK!... I SAW THE GUERILLAS FALL!
CRASH
BY KETTLE HILL, I SAW THE SPANIARDS... SHOT DEAD FROM THE TREES!
HUZZAH HOOEE! WAHOO!!
THUD!
6


YEAH... I'VE SEEN THE ROUGH RIDERS DIE... ON THE ROAD TO SIBONEY... AT GUASIMAS... ON THE SLOPES OF SAN JUAN HILL...

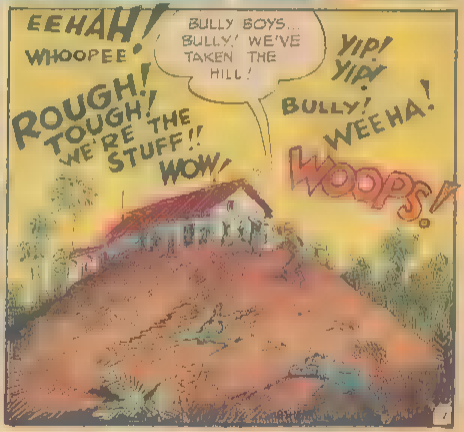

I'VE SEEN THEM DIE LIKE SOLDIERS... FROM THE MAUSER, THE REMINGTON, THE MACHINE GUN AND CANNON!

I'VE SEEN THEM DIE EVERY WAY..

...BUT NOT LIKE THIS! N-NOT LIKE THIS...


...TO BE EATEN ALIVE BY LAND CRABS...

WHOOPEE
YIP! YIP! YIP!
EEEHAW!
HOOPEE
WOW!


EEHAH!
WHOOPEE!
BULLY BOYS... BULLY! WE'VE TAKEN THE HILL!
YIP! YIP!
ROUGH! TOUGH! WE'RE THE STUFF!! WOW!
BULLY! WEEHA!
WOOPS!

E.C. FANS!

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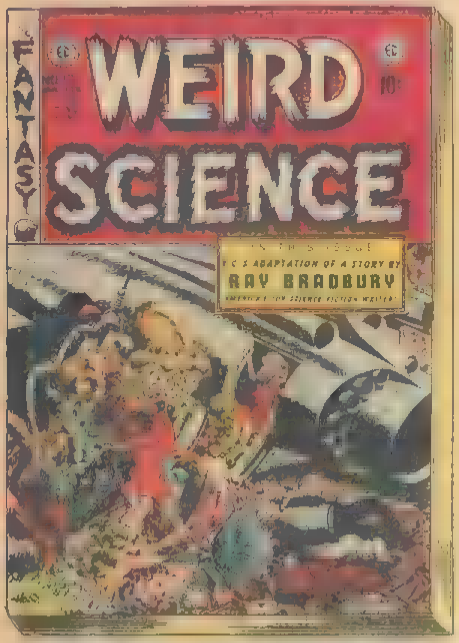

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" ENTERTAINING COMIC!

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

AFGHAN BORDER

When I was a young reporter on the London Daily Press, my duties took me as far afield as the Hurrum Hills on the seething Afghan border. It was here that my Irish friend, Patrick Tubridy, was brigaded with his regiment and some Scotch and Gurkha troops. Tubridy had more than once provided me with interesting copy on the sundry exploits of F Company. He was the typical foreign soldier in a foreign army in a foreign land!

I was sitting in his quarters, toasting him with his own sherry wine on his fourth promotion to the rank of sergeant . . . (he had been *demoted* from this rank three times!). I wanted to ask about some unguarded talk of a deserter in F Company. Desertion is rare in the colonial service!

"Privit Philip Belbin is a foine and bould and illegant sodger . . . not a man ta go on the pump!" Tubridy's expression, "on the pump", meant one who deserts. This phrase came up many times in the ensuing story.

• • • • •

Private Philip Belbin had spent his first twenty years in his native Australia and the last six months in the Anglo-Indian Army. Being rather short of stature, he had readily befriended a small but affable Gurkha soldier, Punda Rahbah. They spent their free time together, drinking beer in the Canteen . . . at which they singly excelled any six-foot grenadier on the post! While the others were hiding from the noonday sun, they bounded around the parade-grounds like two spirited wallabys and scrambled up rocky hills like nimble wall-creeper birds! Once Punda watched incredulously as Belbin brought down a running jackal with a funny curved stick! The Aussie showed the admiring Gurkha how to carve, treat with fire, and throw his own boomerang. Punda would let his friend take a few swipes with his cherished curved blade with the sharp edge on the concave side . . . the *kukri*!

At this time, a lone "avenger of blood", a Pathan warrior with his Afghan sword,

roamed the hills near the garrison. He was sworn by religious fanaticism to avenge a near kin killed in a skirmish with the British, by taking the lives of *five* soldiers! In their peculiar lop-sided ratio, an "eye for an eye" was insufficient!!

Two unfortunate sentries and a Highlander were found hacked in so many pieces, their mismatching remains were buried all in a common grave. A few days later, Punda Rahbah foolishly left the fort to chop some wood for a new boomerang. Belbin found his kukri imbedded in an acacia tree and his head and shoulders behind a nearby rock. He was the *fourth* victim!

Belbin applied for the distasteful duty of sitting on a lookout peak which rose all the more closer to the blistering sun. From this vantage point, an observer could view the surrounding terrain for miles . . . and any living thing that moved! He was to send heliograph messages to the fort at regular intervals. He lugged his Martini rifle, two canteens of water, binoculars, and dot-dash mirror to the top of the rock. Routine messages flickered into the fort steadily for two hours—then stopped!!

Sergeant Tubridy himself took a patrol out to the lookout, fearful of finding the *fifth* victim. At the base of the perch, they found a Pathan, his head scalloped from his body by nothing less deadly than a kukri!! Belbin's binoculars lay next to the fanatic's sword which was crusted with dry blood.

Tubridy led his patrol back to the fort. Just as he arrived, another message flashed from the hills. *"Ten Pathans equal one Gurkha"!*

. . . . . .

That's the story as told to me by Tubridy! His repeated insistence that the young Aussie did not go "on the pump" led me to surmise that he would return once he had fulfilled his "vengeance of blood". Unfortunately, my reporting duties took me away to another remote province of India.

Thirty years have passed since then. As I sit here at my editorial desk in London, I have been scanning a list of those retired recently from service in the Anglo-Indian Army. I'm happy to read that *Captain Philip Belbin* of F Company is living on his pension . . . back home in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia!

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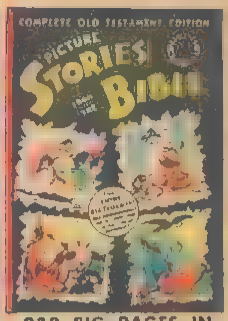

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FRONT LINES

Dear Editors,

In your Frontline Combat No 9 Bull Run story, you have a Union baggage train going through the city of Washington. On the very same page, you have the Rebels marching by the capitol. I demand to know why?

John Cresswell
Morgantown, Va.

. . . You have soldiers in gray uniforms marching past the capitol The printer must have made a mistake

Eddie Klatte
Harrodsburg, Ky.

. . . Why did you show Union soldiers in gray uniforms? You guys at E.C. are always accurate What happened?

Philip Schneidet
Brooklyn, N. Y

We received many letters on that controversial last panel of the first page of the Bull Run story! But we are sitting tight at our editorial desks under the barrage. Raw uranium would not melt in our mouths, because we did NOT make a mistake! Those soldiers marching past the capitol in gray uniforms ARE UNION SOLDIERS!!! They are wearing the particular uniform of their regiment. Turn to the top of page 2 in the Bull Run story, and you will read, "Soldiers, marching in the biggest helter-skelter of uniforms you ever saw . . ." Naturally, the uniforms of the North and South were soon standardized, and the BLUE and the GRAY became the distinctive and prevailing attire.—ed.

Dear Editors,

I enjoyed your issue on the Civil War, but I was sorry to see that most of the stories were about the Yankees. Would you please include a story about Robert E. Lee in a future issue?

Ralph Thomas
Salem, Va

. . . Your issue of the Civil War was one-sided! You took the North's side. In the story, Bull Run, you make it sound as if the battle was won accidently by the Confederates. You do not mention the true way the hallowed soldiers of the South fought. In Bull Run you mentioned that the Union Soldiers were green! Maybe so, but if that is what caused them to lose the Battle of Bull Run, they must have stayed green all through the war. Please print the truth about how valiantly the South fought.

Robert L Garrison
Big Stone Gap, Va

I have just finished reading your special Civil War Issue, and I think it is the finest issue you have ever printed From a rebel.

Walter Stevens
Gloversville, S. C

. . I have always bought and enjoyed E.C. mags, but the last issue (the Special Issue on the Civil War) stunk.

Wesley James
Dayton, Tenn.

I think it is the best yet! I am a collector of Civil War guns, uniforms, ammo, flags, etc., and I really appreciate your accurate work. Your magazines are the most detailed in the field

Chet Morron
Ridgewood, N J

We wish to make it clear that we do not mean to show more favoritism to the North than to the South. If our material appears to be slanted in favor of the North, it is quite unintentional. We plan to feature many heroes of the South in future issues to name a few: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and that crack Cavalry Commander, Nathan Bedford Forrest.—ed.

Dear Editors,

I would like to commend you for illustrating the true "STARS AND BARS" in your story on the Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, and not the Confederate States battle flag, which is used in most cases, but which was not made until after this battle

David M. Foley
Grand Marshal
Knights of the Southern Confederacy,
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Editors,

How about a story on the Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac?

Fred Barth
Peoria, Ill

Blockade, the story of the Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, appears in the current issue of TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 31, on sale now.—ed.

Dear Editors,

How about some more stories on the Roman Empire?

Charles Gray
Detroit Mich

We'll give you a new slant on the Romans when we present Hannibal's crossing of the Alps in TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 32.—ed.

Dear Editors,

How about another World War I story, like Zero Hour?

Steve Gelo
Binghamton N Y

Look for the story of the Lost Battalion, a World War I story illustrated by Johnny Craig, in TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 32—ed

In closing, just a reminder that subscriptions are 75c per year . . . six issues . . . and the big new 128 page TWO-FISTED ANNUAL, with reprints from 1951, is 25cl Address for mail, subscriptions, and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL orders is:

The Editors
Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 11
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

HERE'S A TRUE STORY THAT HAS SUCH A PUNCH ENDING... IT WILL HOLD UP WITH FICTION ANY OLD DAY IN THE WEEK! IT'S THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN ACE WHO FLEW WITH THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE IN WORLD WAR I! NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIS NAME! IT WAS RAOUL...

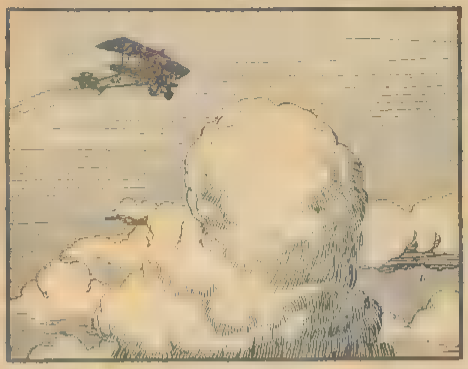
LUFBERY!

WE WERE FIGHTING THE BOCHE AT VERDUN! I WATCHED *LUFBERY* CLIMB INTO HIS LITTLE NIEUPORT!

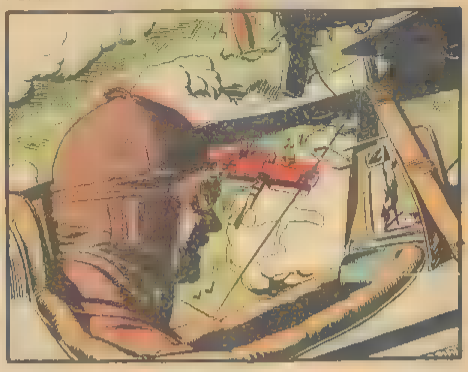
I WATCHED HIM PULL OUT OF THE LINE, PUT ON FULL POWER AND ROAR ACROSS THE GRASS!

I SAW HIM CLIMB, ALONE... SOARING INTO THE SKY LIKE A BIRD! FOR *LUF* KNEW HOW TO FLY!

HE WAS SHORT... THICK BUILT... RUGGED! AND HE FLEW AT THAT RARE FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOOT ALTITUDE THAT ONLY A RUGGED MAN COULD TAKE...



THAT WAS HIS FAVORITE POSITION... HIGH UP, SO THAT WHEN HE'D SPOT A GERMAN AIRCRAFT, PERHAPS A TWO-PLACE RECONNAISANCE PLANE...



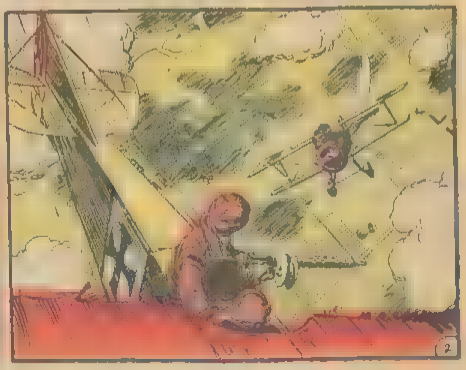
...HE'D BE IN POSITION TO ATTACK! MANEUVERING INTO THE SUN, HE'D THEN PUSH THE STICK FORWARD...

...SLANTING HIS CRAFT INTO A LONG SCREAMING DIVE... ***EXHAUSTS POPPING, WIRES SINGING! THEN...***

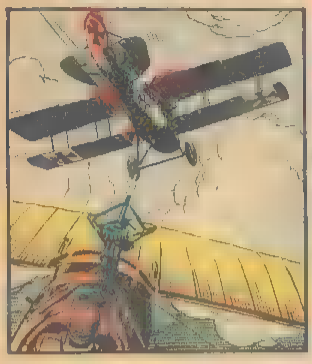
...THE TWIN VICKERS WOULD CHATTER OVER THE ROARING MOTOR, SPLINTERING WOOD, SNAPPING WIRE!

...AND AS THE REAR GERMAN OBSERVER WOULD SWING HIS PARABELLUM ABOUT, THE LITTLE YELLOW NIEUPORT WOULD FLASH DOWN AND AWAY...

...BUT LIKE A PESTERING GAD-FLY, IT WOULD COME BACK, THIS TIME FROM BELOW AT THE ***SOFT, UNPROTECTED UNDERBELLY OF THE GERMAN AIRPLANE!***

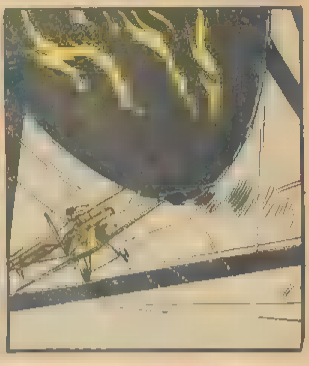


AND EVEN THOUGH THE CLEVER GERMAN MIGHT SWING FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO BRING HIS GUNS TO BEAR...



...LUFBERY WOULD FLY IN FEARLESSLY, RAKING THE BOCHE PLANE! AND ONCE MORE, HE'D FLASH AWAY...

...SLIPPING OFF ON A WING! AND A LITTLE TELL TALE LICK OF FLAME WOULD DART FROM THE GERMAN'S MOTOR!



AND THE FLAME WOULD BLOSSOM IN AN INSTANT INTO A HUGE GOUT OF GASOLINE FIRE! AND THE GERMAN WOULD HEAD TO EARTH RIDING HIS FUNERAL PYRE!

THAT'S THE WAY LUFBERY BECAME AN ACE! THAT'S THE WAY LUFBERY SCORED HIS 17 OFFICIAL VICTORIES AND LORD KNOWS HOW MANY UNOFFICIAL VICTORIES!

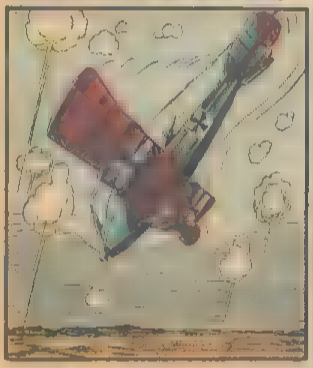
AND I REMEMBER HOW WE'D TALK OF FLYING, AND DISCUSS WHAT WE'D DO IF OUR PLANE CAUGHT FIRE! I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT LUF' SAID!

...FIRST I'D DO EFERYT'ING TO GET DE FIRE OUDT! DEN IF I SAW IT VAS NO USE, I'D JUMP! MAYBE YOU'D FALL IN A TREE! ANYHOW, YOU COULDN'T BE NO WOISE OFF!

THAT WAS *LUFBERY'S* FUNNY ACCENT, HIMSELF BEING AN ADVENTURER... TRAVELING ALL HIS LIFE! THEN ONE MORNING, A PLANE FLEW OVER THE TARMAC!

.. A GERMAN ALBATROS, FLOATING LEISURELY OVER, TAKING PHOTOS WITH ACK ACK FROM MT. MIHIEL BANGING AWAY LIKE A BUNCH OF FURIES!

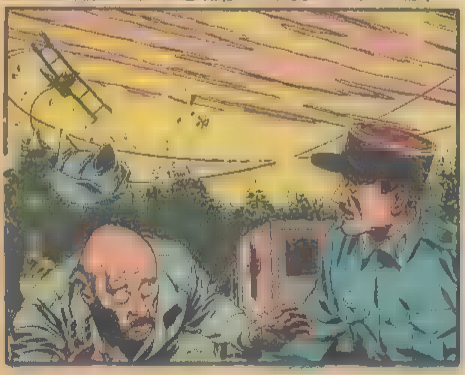
THEN THE ALBATROS *STAGGERED... HER NOSE DROPPING DOWN! AND WE THOUGHT ARCHY HAD GOT HER!*



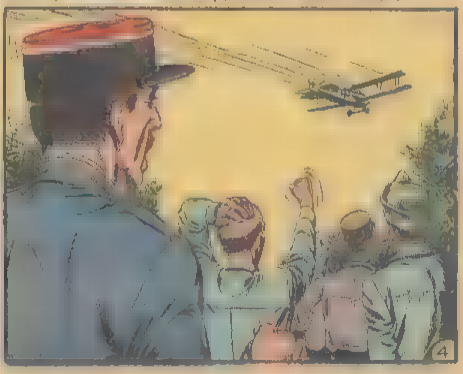
DOWN SHE CAME IN A LONG VRILLE, OR TAILSPIN... SLOW AT FIRST, THEN SPINNING FASTER!

FASTER AND FASTER SHE WHIRLED AND WE WERE SURE THERE'D BE ONE ALBATROS LESS ON THE GLOBE!..

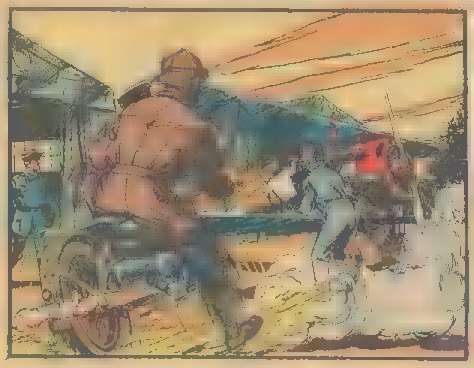
...200 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, THE ALBATROS STOPPED SPINNING! THE SPIN HAD TURNED INTO A DIVE AND THE DIVE HAD TURNED TO A CLIMB!



THE CHEERS WERE QUICKLY CLAMPED ■ OUR MOUTHS AS THE ALBATROS TURNED HER TRICKY TAIL AND PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE, HEADED FOR HOME!



MEANWHILE, LUFBERY'D BEEN WATCHING THE SHOW FROM THE BARRACKS AND HE CAME ROARING UP ON A MOTORCYCLE! LUF'S OWN PLANE WAS OUT OF COMMISSION!



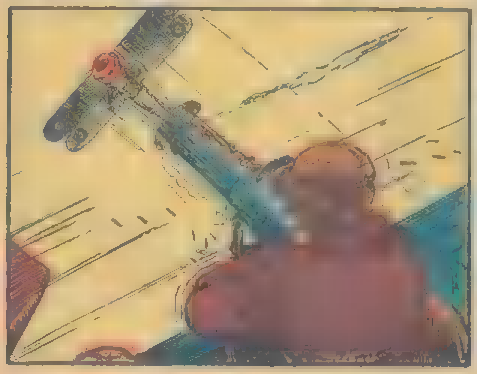
SO HE JUMPED INTO LT. DAVIS'S PLANE WHICH HAPPENED TO BE WAITING ON THE FIELD! WHO KNOWS THAT IF NOT FOR THIS, LUF' MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE TODAY!

SIX MILES LATER, HE WAS DIVING TO THE ATTACK, HIS TWO VICKERS HAMMERING AWAY...

...BUT FOR A MOMENT! A GUN HAD JAMMED, AND LUF' CIRCLED WHILE CLEARING THE JAM!

APPARENTLY, THE GUN WAS CLEARED AND LUF' RUSHED IN AGAIN FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND! SUDDENLY...

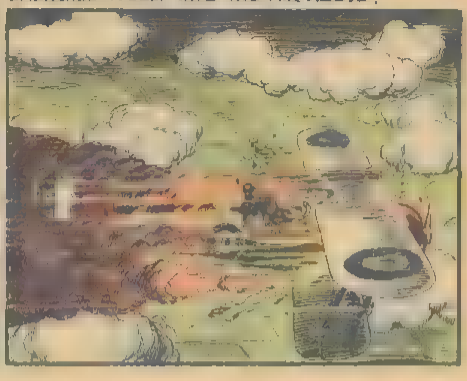
..ONE OF THE GERMAN'S GUNS FOUND ITS MARK! A FLAMING BULLET KNIFED UP THROUGH LUF'S FUEL TANK, AND THEN CUT AWAY HIS THUMB!



BUT THE THUMB DID NOT MATTER! VERY FEW ELEMENTS BURN AS WELL AS GASOLINE, AND WITHIN SECONDS, THE NIEUPORT WAS A SPEEDING TORCH!

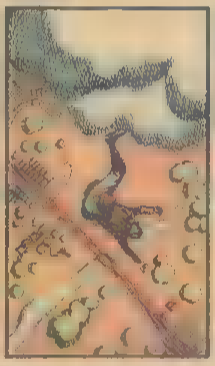
FOR A WHILE, LUF' FLEW ON A STRAIGHT COURSE TRAILING THICK OIL SMOKE! PERHAPS HE WAS TRYING TO FAN THE FLAMES AWAY FROM THE COCKPIT!

THEN WE WATCHED IN HORROR AS A TINY FIGURE CLIMBED TEDIOUSLY OUT OF THE COCKPIT, AND LAUNCHED ITSELF INTO THE AIR ABOVE!



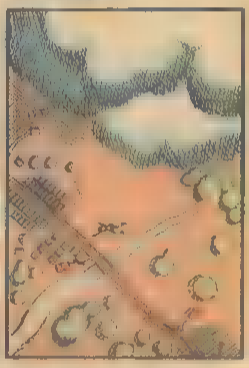
WE DIDN'T WEAR 'CHUTES IN THOSE DAYS AND POOR LUF' FELL LIKE A ROCK...

DOWN...



DOWN...

DOWN...



SOME SAY LUF', IN DESPERATION, AIMED HIS BODY AT A LITTLE STREAM NEARBY! IN ANY CASE HE FELL INTO A PEASANT WOMAN'S ROSE GARDEN!

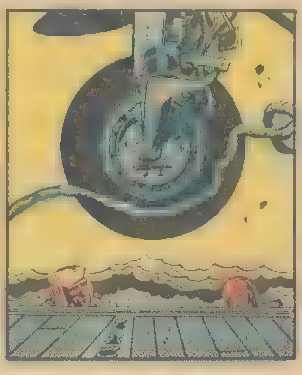
...FOR RAOUL LUFBERY CHOSE DEATH BY FALLING... OVER DEATH BY FIRE! AFTER ALL, IT WAS LIKE LUF' SAID... 'YOU COULDN'T BE NO WOISE OFF!'

THE OTHER DAY WE ALSO VISITED THE NAVY! WE VISITED A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF MARTINEZ... A SILVER STAR WINNER! HE GAVE US THE MATERIAL FOR THIS STORY... A STORY THAT TOOK PLACE IN KOREA LAST YEAR DURING 'OPERATION KILLER'... A STORY THAT IS ABOUT A...

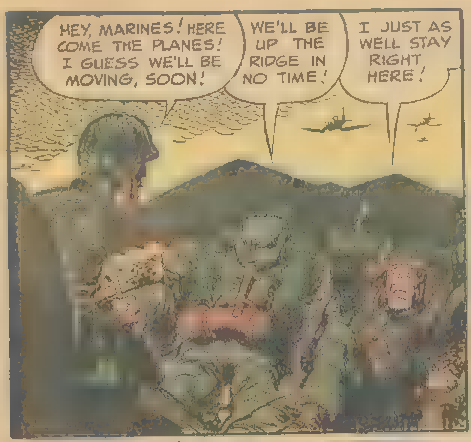
SAILOR!

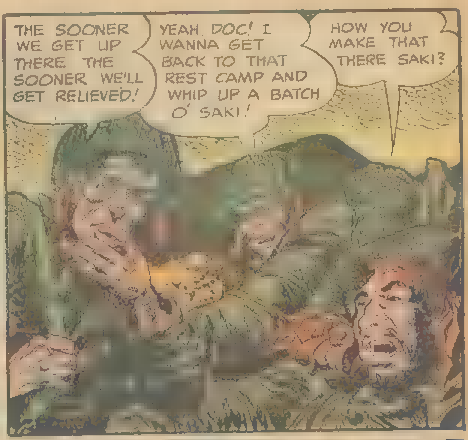
HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE HEARD PEOPLE SAY THAT THE NAVY LETS THE ARMY DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK?

... HOW A SAILOR SLEEPS IN A NICE CLEAN BUNK WHILE THE SOLDIER IS WALLOWING IN MUD!



...LET'S FOLLOW A NAVY CORSAIR INTO KOREA, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW SUCH IDEAS ABOUT SAILORS JUST AIN'T SO!

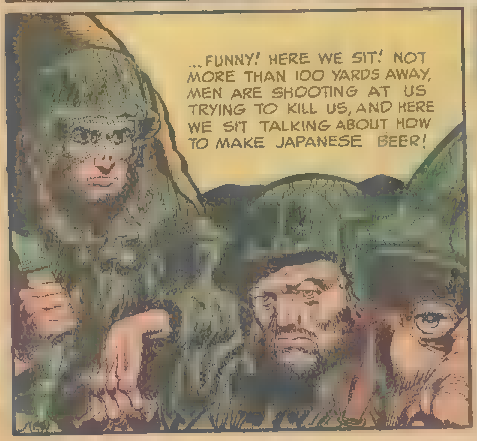

HEY, MARINES! HERE COME THE PLANES! I GUESS WE'LL BE MOVING, SOON!
WE'LL BE UP THE RIDGE IN NO TIME!
I JUST AS WELL STAY RIGHT HERE!

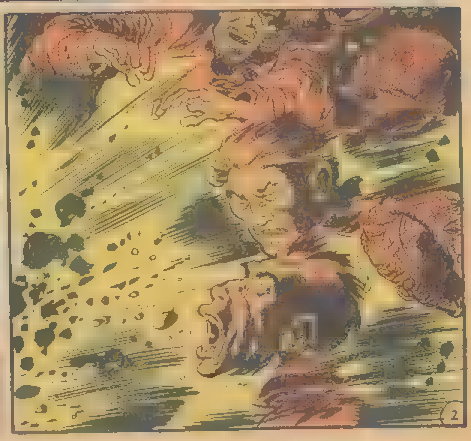

THE SOONER WE GET UP THERE, THE SOONER WE'LL GET RELIEVED!
YEAH, DOC! I WANNA GET BACK TO THAT REST CAMP AND WHIP UP A BATCH O' SAKI!
HOW YOU MAKE THAT THERE SAKI?

WAAL... VARIOUS PEOPLE HAS THEIR VARIOUS WAYS!... I GET A BIG POT, SEE...

I FILLS 'ER WITH WATER AND SETS 'ER ON A FIRE TO BOIL AN' I PUT A LID ON TOP!

I SET SOME RICE ON THE LID! THEN I CATCH THE DRIPPINGS OFF THE LID IN LITTLE CANS!... PRESTO! SAKI!!


...FUNNY! HERE WE SIT! NOT MORE THAN 100 YARDS AWAY, MEN ARE SHOOTING AT US TRYING TO KILL US, AND HERE WE SIT TALKING ABOUT HOW TO MAKE JAPANESE BEER!



DIDN'T EVEN HEAR IT COMING! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A 75MM RECOILLESS RIFLE! THEY SAY YOU CAN'T HEAR A 75 MM COMING! I CAN'T HEAR AT ALL! MY EARS ARE RINGING! AM I HIT?

I FEEL O.K!... NOTHING HURTS! IT DON'T HURT WHEN YOU'RE HIT *BAD!* THE OTHER BOYS ARE HIT!..BLOOD! SPURTING LIKE A FOUNTAIN! A CUT JUGULAR VEIN!

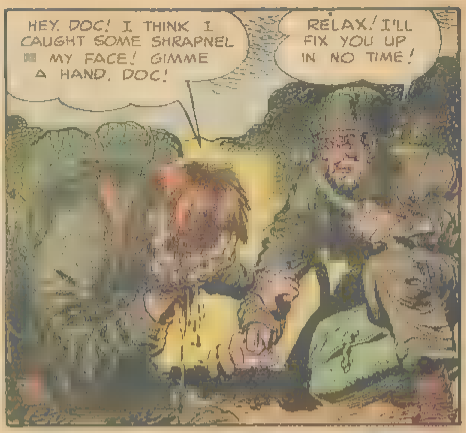
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN LYING HERE WHILE THAT JUGULAR VEIN'S BEEN SPURTING! BOY'LL BLEED TO DEATH!... PRESSURE POIN'T ON CHEST!... *PRESS* WITH KNEE! SHUT OFF BLEEDING!

GET THE CLAMPS... OUT OF KIT! ...GRAB THE VEIN! I *CAN'T GRAB THE VEIN! IT'S PULLED BACK INTO THE FLESH!*

I'LL HAVE TO CUT THROUGH TO FIND THE VEIN!... PUT A BLADE IN THE SCALPEL! HMF!...CLEVER THE WAY THEY KEEP BLADES IN STERILE ENVELOPES!

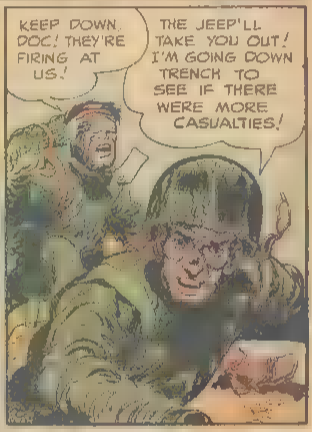
NOW! NOW I'VE GOT THE VEIN! QUICK! CLAMP THE VEIN WITH THE HEMOSTAT BEFORE IT SLIPS AWAY!

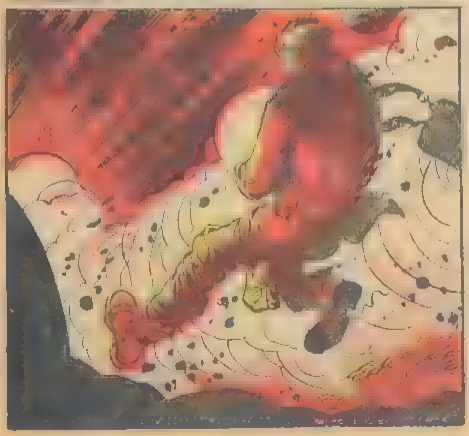
NOW... THROW A BANDAGE OVER CLAMPS AND EVERYTHING! A SHOT OF MORPHINE! THEY'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE AT THE AID STATION!


HEY, DOC! I THINK I CAUGHT SOME SHRAPNEL IN MY FACE! GIMME A HAND, DOC!
RELAX! I'LL FIX YOU UP IN NO TIME!

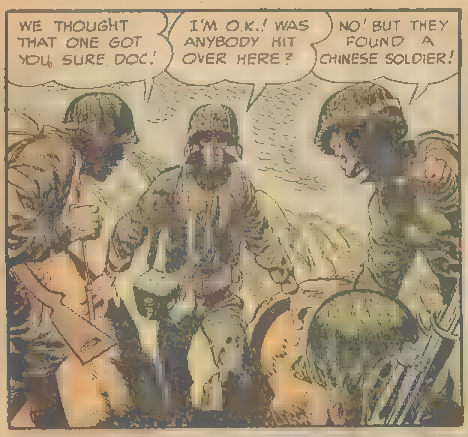
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK, NOW! ...NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE THAT SAKI!

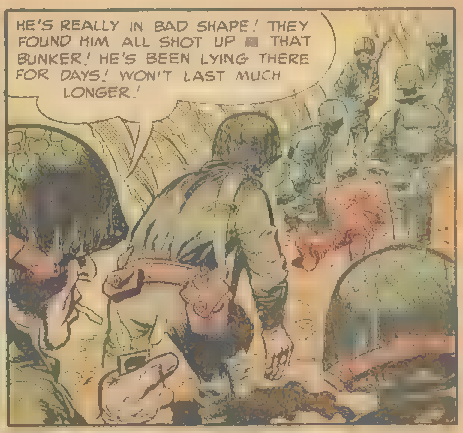
HMF... HUMAN BODY SURE CAN STAND PUNISHMENT! ... FILL OUT TAGS AND SEND THESE MEN BACK! NAME... DIAGNOSIS... TREATMENT...


KEEP DOWN, DOC! THEY'RE FIRING AT US!
THE JEEP'LL TAKE YOU OUT! I'M GOING DOWN TRENCH TO SEE IF THERE WERE MORE CASUALTIES!



HA HA! LUCK! SOME GUYS CATCH IT RIGHT OFF THE BOAT! I CATCH IT RIGHT UNDER MY SEAT... TWICE, AND I'M NOT HIT YET!

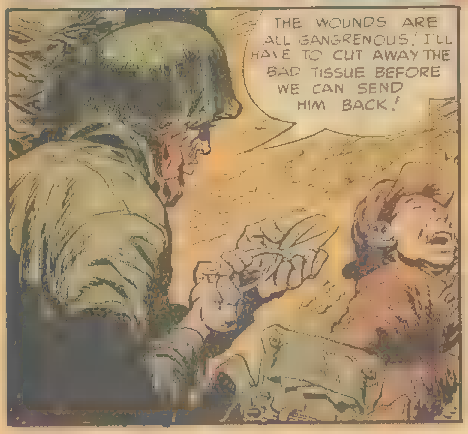

WE THOUGHT THAT ONE GOT YOU, SURE, DOC!
I'M O.K.! WAS ANYBODY HIT OVER HERE?
NO! BUT THEY FOUND A CHINESE SOLDIER!

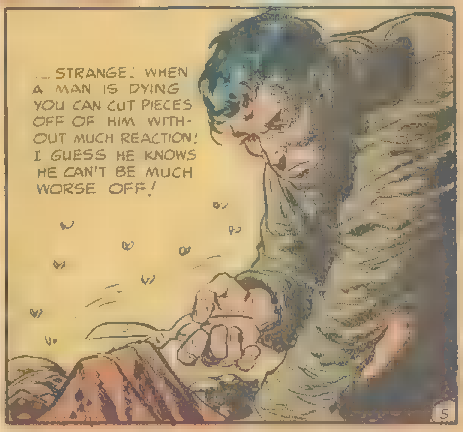

HE'S REALLY IN BAD SHAPE! THEY FOUND HIM ALL SHOT UP IN THAT BUNKER! HE'S BEEN LYING THERE FOR DAYS! WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

A WOUNDED PRISONER, HUH! LET ME HAVE A LITTLE ROOM FELLAS! ...LOOKS LIKE GANGRENE'S SET IN!

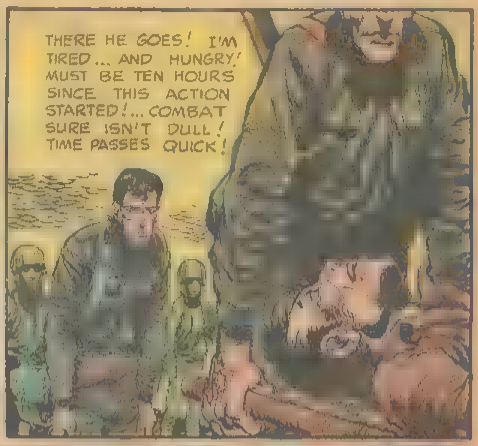
AWW, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, DOC! LET'S PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY AND GET IT OVER WITH!

NO, NO! WE DON'T GET IT OVER WITH'. WE SAVE HIM LIKE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO.


THE WOUNDS ARE ALL GANGRENOUS. I'LL HAVE TO CUT AWAY THE BAD TISSUE BEFORE WE CAN SEND HIM BACK!


...STRANGE! WHEN A MAN IS DYING YOU CAN CUT PIECES OFF OF HIM WITHOUT MUCH REACTION! I GUESS HE KNOWS HE CAN'T BE MUCH WORSE OFF!

THAT'LL HOLD HIM! I'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF MORPHINE TO PREVENT SHOCK FROM SETTING IN, AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM AWAY!


THERE HE GOES! I'M TIRED... AND HUNGRY! MUST BE TEN HOURS SINCE THIS ACTION STARTED!... COMBAT SURE ISN'T DULL! TIME PASSES QUICK!

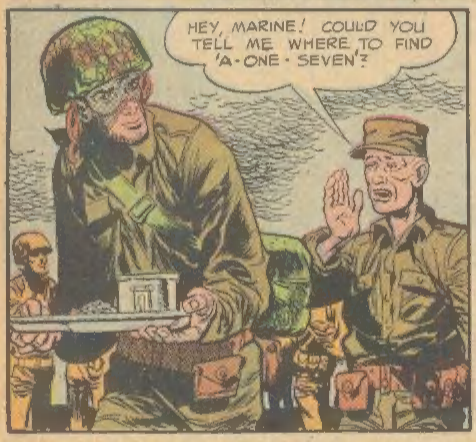
WELL, BOYS! IT'S BACK INTO REST CAMP FOR US!
HEY, DOC!

YOU'VE GOT BLOOD ALL OVER YOU!
... DARN RIGHT I HAVE! I BEEN IN IT UP TO MY ELBOWS!

NO, NO! THERE'S BLOOD RUNNING RIGHT DOWN YOUR ANKLE!

I'LL BE DARNED! I THOUGHT MY LEG WAS KIND OF STIFF! I MUST HAVE CAUGHT A COUPLE PIECES OF SHRAPNEL MYSELF!

COMBAT SURE ISN'T DULL! I ONCE SKINNED MY KNEE IN A BASE-BALL GAME AND I NEVER KNEW IT TILL I TOOK A BATH! THAT'S THE WAY THIS IS!



THE NAVY CORSAIRS ARE WINGING OUT OF KOREA, WINGING BACK TO THE MOTHER FLAT-TOP OFFSHORE!

AND DOWN BELOW, IN THE MUD OF KOREA, A **SAILOR** WATCHES...SO WHEN SOMEONE TELLS YOU...

...THAT THE NAVY DOESN'T DO ANY OF THE DIRTY WORK, YOU TELL THEM THAT IT **JUST AIN'T SO!**

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Make Year Model

Name _____ My Age _____
Address _____ Yrs. _____
City _____ State _____

"Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!

the boys shouted at me
ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs. of MIGHTY MUSCLE

6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!" —NewYork

Roger D. Hirsch

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"They used to call me, 'SKINNY, SKINNY'

But look at me now —an All-American Jowett Champion"—says John Sill, Utah, who like millions, mailed me 10c and a coupon like the one below YOU MAIL NOW!

"This is The GREAT CHANGE You made in me in 90 DAYS! From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN. With ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. I can bend a 1½ inch IRON BAR around my neck. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity." Yours,

Jobie Jackson Jr.

ARKANSAS

Jobie Jackson NOW!!! Jobie Jackson Only 90 DAYS ago!

"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN. It's wonderful! I never dreamed I could live to have a big 49 inch CHEST!! powerful 17 inch ARMS!! a small 32 inch WAIST the big 17 inch difference between my chest and waist attracts everybody's admiration at the beach."

Felipe Mendoza

—CALIFORNIA

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN WERE OF BEING SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me **10 Pleasant Minutes a Day** and I'll give **YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion Champions.

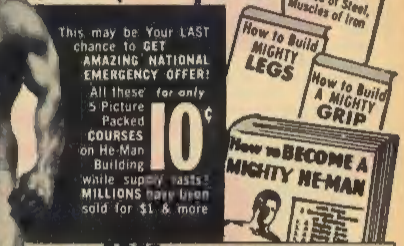
YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

George F Jowett Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"

HURRY TO MAIL COUPON!



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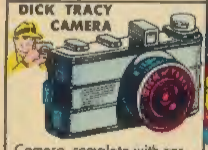

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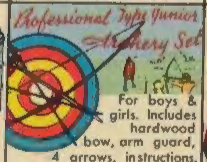

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